BIRDS' NESTS

The summer nests uncovered by autumn wind ,
Some torn , others dislodged , all dark ,
Everyone sees them : low or high in tree ,
Or hedge , or single bush , they hang like a mark .

Since there's no need of eyes to see them with
I cannot help a little shame
That I missed most , even at eye's level , till
The leaves blew off and made the seeing no game .

'Tis a light pang . I like to see the nests
Still in their places , now first known ,
At home and by far roads . Boys knew them not ,
Whatever jays or squirrels may have done .

And most I like the winter nests deep-hid
That leaves and berries fell into ;
Once a dormouse dined there on hazel nuts ;
And grass and goose-grass seeds found soil and grew .